Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our miſtris,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhall proue.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall proue.
Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? what Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue ſtomacke, to't a Gods name,
You ſhall haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,

As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers
Tuſh, tu ſh, feare boyes with bu
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem, *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu
My mind e preſumes for his own
Hor. I promiſt we would be C
And beare his charge of wooing
Gremio. And ſo we will, prou
Gru. I would I were as ſure o

Enter Tranio braue

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue y
Tell me I beſeech you which is
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta*
Bion. He that ha's the two f
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you me
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſi
Petr. Not her that chides ſir,
Tanio. I loue no chiders ſir:
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you
Tra. And I be ſir, is it any o
Gremio. No: If without mor
Tra. Why ſir, I Pray you are
as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſe
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l
That ſhe's the choice loue of Sig
Hor That ſhe is the choſen o
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If y
Do me this right: heare me pat
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all v
And were his daughter fairer th
She may more ſutors haue, and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch.